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Helping the New Orleans Exposition.

The bill loaning one million dollars to the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans has been passed by Congress and has been signed by the President. The money is to be paid by the Treasurer of the United States in certain stipulated sums on the draft of the president and treasurer of the Exposition, and on the assurance of the subscription of five hundred thousand dollars by the stockholders. As this latter subscribed capital is to be increased to a million dollars, and one hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed by the city of New Orleans, the enterprise starts with two million, one hundred thousand dollars. In the case of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia Congress appropriated two millions, the city of Philadelphia a million and a half and the State of Pennsylvania one million dollars—more than double the sum subscribed for New Orleans. The New Orleans Exposition has the advantage of general popularity at the outset, which the Philadelphia enterprise lacked; it will also benefit by all preceding experience, and this is worth considerable money to its management. The Atlanta Cotton Exposition resulted in widely extending the trade in Northern machinery and agricultural implements, and stimulated invention in the direction of the production and handling of cotton. The display at New Orleans to which that at Atlanta will have been as a Constantinople bazar to the great Russian fair at Nijni-Novgorod—should enormously influence commerce, manufacturers and agriculture throughout the entire South. It is a praiseworthy undertaking, and Congress has done well to aid in forwarding it.—Ex.

The Mystic Seven.

On the 7th day of the 7th month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents. The 7th year was directed to be a Sabbath of rest for all things: and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee; every 7th year the land lay follow; every 7th year there was a grand release from all debts, and bondsmen were set free. From this might have originated the custom of binding men to 7 years' apprenticeship and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7 or three times 7 years. Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day; the teeth spring out on the 7th month, and are shed in the 7th year when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and a man becomes legally competent to reform civil acts—at four times 7 he is in full possession of his strength—at five times he is fit for the business of the world—at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never—at 7 times 7 he is in apogee, and from that time decays—at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric or year of danger, and at ten times 7, or three score years and ten, has by the prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life.

And, we would add, the most constant weather cycle is in that of 7, or some multiple of this mytical number.—Vennor's Almanac.

Watterson's Poker Game.

An anecdote of Henry Watterson is printed in a recent Washington letter. Some years ago Mr. Watterson chanced to be in Indianapolis, and while there sat down to a game of pocker with "Dick" Bright, who was recently sargent-at-arms of the Senate and president of the City Horse Railroad. Watterson had great luck. The money rolled in upon him. When he was about $4000 ahead he began to think how he would spend it. "I will ride home in the best hack this city affords" he said. Before a great while he had $5000 in winnings. "I will drive to my hotel with four white horses, and a darkey leading each one," was his exultant announcement. From that moment his luck turned. Every cent in his pile was gone and his pocket-book began to look thin. The railroad president rumbled in his pocket. Taking out a car ticket he passed it across the table "Here, Watterson you said you should ride home, put that in your pocket and you can." Watterson walked, and still keeps the car ticket as a reminder of that night.—Ex.

Took it in Crackers.

A colored man with his right foot bound up with numerous rags and cloths yesterday entered a grocery on Woodward avenue and asked for a cash contribution of 25 cents towards the erection of a new colored people's church edifice.

"Where is it to be located?" asked the grocer.

Wall, that hasn't bin dun decided on yet."

"What is it to cost?"

"Haint figgered on that, sah.',

"Who is the pastor?"

"Dun forgit, but I reckon we kin find one."

"Who is the head man of this enterprise?"

"De head man? Wall, I'ze 'bout the head man, I reckon."

"I am not satisfied with your explanations," said the grocer. How can I be certain that you won't appropriate the money to your own purposes."

"Am dat what bodders you?"

"I profess it is."

"Well, sah, we kin git ober that purty easy. Instead of making a cash contribution just weigh me out two pounds of crackers wid instruksbuns to turn 'em ober to de buildin' committee.

Ize cheerman ob dat committee if I aint nobody else?"—Free Press.

Beating a Plumber.

It is very seldom a plumber gets left, but occasionally one of them meets his match. The other day one of them was at work in a Carson residence when the lady of the house, a remarkably pretty women, said:

Say, I want you to put on my hose."

The plunderer laid down his tools and replied:

"Well, by jingo, I'll do it, and it won't cost you a cent."

"All right; I'll be out in a minute." And pretty soon she came out with her husband, who remarked: "Here are the couplings."

The plumber scratched his head a moment, but attended to the job, and when he brought in his bill next day of $7 for fixing the hose she reminded him, with a merry twinkle in her eye, that he had agreed to do it for nothing. Then he scratched his head again and crossed the item out. He was telling his mishap half an hour later to a friend, and closed by saying:

"By thunder, I thought she wanted me to put on her stockings."

He says that he believes that this is the first time that he ever got beat out of a bill in his life and if he ever has a gas pipe to fix in her house, he'll more than get even.—Ex.

A Social Lesson.

Young Spoonogle never knows when to leave when he calls on a young lady; he likes the sound of his own voice so well that he talks on and on, while the poor girl grows light-headed with the tax on her strength, and wishes the mantle-piece of Elijah would fall on the tiresome caller.

There is a young lady on Lafayette avenue who made up her mind to give Spoonogle a lesson. So, last Sunday night, when he called, she was as cordial as possible up to 11 o'clock. Then having had a four volume history of Spoonogle's life, with an extended account of his influence in politics and business, she began got d zzy, and have a ringing in her ears. At that moment her young brother rushed into the room, and exclaimed hurriedly: "Pa wants the morning papers, sis!"

"Look in the vestibule, Willie" she answered gently. "I think I heard the boy leaving them some hours ago."

Spoonogle never took the hint, but drawled on about the roller skating rink, and what a figure he cut on skates. The next interruption was from the head of the house, who entered briskly rubbing his hands.

"Good morning—good morning he said cheerly. "Ha! Spoonogle, you're out early. Well, 'early bird,' etc. It's going to be a fine day from all appearances.

Spoonogle was dazed, but concluded. the old man had been drinking, and sat back with a "come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as yours truly" air that was decided and convincing.

A half hour passed, and the mother hurried in.

"Dear me, I'm late," she said as she entered. "I smelled the coffee an hour ago, and knew breakfast was waiting, but—oh! Good morning, Spoonogle!"

Then the sweet youth took the hint, and drawing himself together, he got out into the hall and opened the front door just as the hired girl rung a bell, and the small boy yelled "Breakfast" over the banisters.—Free Press.

Helen's Other Baby.

What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the cars.

"The cars," answered the mother.

"What for?"

"Because they are moving."

"What are they moving for?"

"The engine makes them."

"What engine?"

"The engine in front."

"What's it in front for?"

"To pull the train."

"What train?"

"This one."

"This car repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat.

"Yes."

"What does it pull for?"

"The engineer makes it."

"what engineer?"

"The man on the engine."

"what engine?"

"The one in front."

"what is it in front for?"

"I told you that before."

"Told me what?".

"Told you."

"what for?"

"Oh, be still; you are a nuisance."

"what's a nuisance?"

"A boy who asks too many questions."

"whose boy?"

"My boy."

"what questions?"

The conductor came just then and took up tickets, and the train pulled up at the station.

The last we heard as the lady jerked the youngester off the platform was:

"what conducter?"—Ex.